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PEACH SPRINGS, MOHAVE COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1884.

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SAINT & CLELAND, Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and dealers in Fresh Vegetables, Oysters, Fish and Poultry. **ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.**

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Always on hand.

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There is a well fitted Bar attached.

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The Clipper Club and Sample Rooms keep constantly on hand choice old McElroyer Whisky and guest cigars.

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Lunch Counter attached where meals are served day and night.

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Best Brands of

Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand.

GIVE ME A CALL

THE LIFE OF THE MULTITUDE.

I watch the crowds as they come and go
Over the pavements day by day,
With echoing footsteps, swift and slow,
Careless and anxious, grave and gay.

Each on his destined errand bent,
Forward presses the motley throng,
Pondering schemes of discontent,
Bearing burdens of shame and wrong.

Quiet eyes where the love light sleeps,
Faces cold as the winter snow,
Broods that tell of the hidden deeps,
Of thought and feeling kept below.

And I think of the mingled smiles and tears,
Keen ambitions and pleasures crude,
Careless laughter and strifes and fears,
That make the life of the multitude.

And long for some prophetic voice to say
What shall happen this restless throng,
Shall they walk the pavements for one brief
Day.

And sleep forever, the weak and strong?
Or is there a nobler life for men,
Where wrongs are righted and sins subdued,
And the earth-stained spirit is pure again,
And knowledge comes in a sacred flood?
[Boston Transcript.]

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his nightgown white,
Pussy cat purrs a soft good-night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "Oh, no! no! no!"
This little toe said, "Isn't that right?"
This little toe said, "Run up stairs!"
This little toe said, "Down came a jar with a loud slam!"
This little toe said, "This little toe got all the jam."

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got sadly stubbed;
This little toe got awfully rubbed;
This little toe cried out, "Bears!"
This little toe said, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam!
This little toe got all the jam.

HELEN HYDE'S GOOD DEEDS.

BY RAYMOND.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly,
"She shows every indication of going
into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change
of air and scene—that's what she ought
to have."

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed.

"Dear, dear," she said, "what a pity,
and she quite a pet of mine, too, dear
little thing. She is very quick with her
needle, and really ingenious, and the
way she puts trimming on a dress positively
reminds me of Madame Antonine
herself."

"The seaside cottage would be the
place for her," suggested Dr. Harding.
"You are one of the lady patronesses,
I believe, and—"

"Yes, but the seaside cottage is full,"
said Mrs. Dardanel. "Not an inch of
room unoccupied; I had a note from the
matron yesterday."

"Ah, indeed?" said the doctor, fumbling
with his watch-seal. "Unfortunately—"

"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea
suddenly occurring to her busy little head,
"there is Mrs. Benton's farm, a few
miles further down the shore. She takes
boarders for four dollars a week, and I
believe it is a very nice place. If you
think it advisable I will take a month's
board for the girl there. I really feel
as if the dear little girl really belonged
to me."

"An excellent plan," said the doctor,
ocularly. "I have no doubt but that
a month of sea air will make quite a different
person of her."

Helen Hyde could hardly believe her
own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly
announced her intentions.

"The seashore!" she cried, her pale
face flushing all over, "the real sea.
Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of
it all my life, and for a whole bright,
long summer month. Oh, how shall I
ever thank you?"

"By getting well and strong as fast as
you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, really
touched by the girl's innocent enthusiasm.
"And here is a ten dollar bill
for you," she added with a smile. "You
may need some little trifle of dress, or
there may be a drive or a picnic, or an
excursion going on in which you will
want to participate."

The poor girl's first impulse was to re-
turn the money.

"No, you shall not give it back; it is
a present from me, and I have chosen
you shall keep it."

Helen's heart beat high with delight
when first she saw the Benton farm-
house, a long, low, red building, with
an immense stock of chimneys, a cluster
of umbrageous maple trees garlanding it
about with shade, and a dooryard full
of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in
full sight of the windows the Atlantic
flung his curling crest of foam along the
shore.

"I've just one room left my dear,"
she said, "under the eaves of the house.
It's rather small, but it's furnished com-
fortably, and there's a view of the ocean.
I could have given you better accommo-
dations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's
letter a day earlier. But four young
lady teachers in the Gemwood Institute
came yesterday, and I am sleeping on a
sofa myself in the parlor. But we will
make you as snug as possible and the
very first good sized room that is vacant
you shall have."

And Helen was very happy in her
little nook, from whose casement she
could see the sparkling plain of the sea
dotted with white sails. Mrs. Benton
was a driving, energetic, business
woman. Farmer Benton was a vacant,
honest-faced man, who invariably fell
asleep of an evening, with his chair
tipped back against the wall, and every

available inch of the house was filled
with summer boarders, mostly ladies.

There were only three masculine ap-
pendages to the house, besides its master
—an old clergyman whose parishioners
clubbed together every summer to treat
him to a six weeks' vacation; a literary
man of large aspirations and small in-
come, who had come thither for rest and
opportunity to study up "the skeleton"
for his next novel, and old Mr. Jenkins.
It was sometime before Helen Hyde
fairly comprehended who old Mr. Jen-
kins was. A bowed, bent over little man,
with silver hair curling over the collar,
with a coat, a ruffled shirt like the pic-
tures of our revolutionary forefathers, and
blue eyes which glistened behind a pair
of spectacles, he shuffled in and out to
his meals after an apologetic fashion and
sat all the bright afternoon under the
shade of the old maple, staring at the
sea.

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at
last ventured to ask Mr. Benton.

"That lady frowned impatiently.
"It's old Daddy Jenkins," she said;
"and I wish it was somebody else!"

"Is he a boarder?" asked Helen.

"Well he is and he isn't," rather ob-
scurely answered Mrs. Benton, who was
picking over currants for a pudding.
While Helen sat by her watching her,
"But he won't be here long. You see
my dear, he hasn't any friends. When
me and Benton came down from Ver-
mont and bought this place, we bought
it cheap because of Mr. Jenkins. We
were to give him the north-east chamber
and they were to allow us so much a
month for his keep. It ain't everybody,
you see, that would be willing to have
an old man like that around the place.
But he's harmless an innocent enough,
and I won't deny that the two dollars a
week helped along, but now prices have
got up and Breezy Point has got to be a
fashionable locality in the summer time,
and things are altered, and what is worse
his folks have left off sending money."

"I wonder why?" said Helen, with
her large dreamy eyes fixed pityingly on
the old man, who sat in his usual place
under the maples, wistfully watching the
sea.

"They are dead, perhaps," said Mrs.
Benton, "or perhaps they have got tired
of him. Anyhow, it is three months
since we heard a word, and me and Ben-
ton have made up our minds that we
cannot stand it any longer. So we are
going to put him on the town. Lawyer
Fox says it is legal and right, and they
cannot expect anything else. 'Squire
is to send his covered carriage next
Saturday, and old Daddy Jenkins will
suppose he is going to ride, and so all
things will go smooth and pleasant."

"Smooth and pleasant!" Helen Hyde
looked across the grassy lawn to the
little old man with his mild, abstracted
face, his ruffled front, the silver hair
that glistened in the sunshine, and the
white, claw-like fingers that slowly
turned themselves backward and forward
as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said Mrs.
Benton, "but his sons turned out bad
and he endorsed to 'Squire Moore's
cousin, and lost everything, and there
he is in the old age without a penny.
What is it, Becky? The oven ready for
the pies? Yes, I'm coming."

And she bustled away, leaving Helen
alone. A sort of inspiration had entered
the girl's heart as she sat there with the
briny smell of the ocean filling her
senses, the rustle of maple leaves over-
head.

She took Mrs. Dardanel's ten-dollar
bill from her pocket and looked long and
earnestly at it.

She thought of the little one-horse
carriageway which she and the girls from
Gemwood Institute were to have hired
together to drive over the hills and the
glens, of those sweet, misty, summer
afternoons, of the excursion to Lone Isle
by steamer, of the new black bunting
dress which she had decided to buy.

She must abandon all these darling
extraneous things if she indulged in this
other fancy.

"As if there could be any choice," she
said to herself, and then she got up and
went softly across the grass, and clover
blossoms to where Daddy Jenkins sat.

"Do you like this place?" she asked
softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered,
seeming to arouse himself out of a reverie;
"it's home. I have lived here for eighty
odd years—I could not live anywhere
else."

"But there are other places pleas-
anter."

"It may be, my dear, it may be," he
said, looking at her with troubled eyes
through the convex lenses of his glasses.
"But they wouldn't seem the same to
me."

Helen went to Mrs. Benton, who was
baking pies and rolls, and strawberry
shortcakes all at once.

"Mrs. Benton," said she, "there are
ten dollars, which Mrs. Dardanel gave
me to do as I pleased with, and I
please to give it to you to keep old Mr.
Jenkins here five weeks longer."

"Mercy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Ben-
ton, "he ain't no kin to you, is he?"

"No," said Helen; "but he is old,
and feeble, and friendless, and—and
please, Mrs. Benton, take the money;
and perhaps by the time that is gone I
shall be able to send a little more. My
employers are going to pay me gener-
ously in the city, and I feel better able
to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of
one even poorer and more friendless than
herself, and for a year she paid two dol-

lars a week steadily, and Mr. Jenkins
never knew what danger menaced him.

At the end of that time the old gentle-
man's grandson came from some wild
region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed
young man with the mien of a prince in
disguise.

"My father has been dead for a year,"
he said, "and his papers have only just
been thoroughly investigated, so that I
have just learned for the first time that
there is an arrears due on my grand-
father's allowance. I hope he has not
been allowed to suffer."

"Oh, he is all right," said Mrs. Ben-
ton. "We have taken excellent good
care of him."

"You are a noble-hearted woman,"
said the young man, fervently clasping
her hand, "and I will see you are no
loser by your generosity."

"It ain't me," said Mrs. Benton, for
Helen Hyde, now spending her summer
vacation at the farm-house, sat by,
quietly sewing in the recess of the win-
dow. "I'm free to allow that me and
Benton got out of patience, and were go-
ing to put him on the town, but Miss
Hyde here, one of our boarders, she has
paid for him ever since."

"I beg your pardon if I have inter-
fered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as
the large, black eyes fell scrutinizingly
upon her face; "but he seemed so old
and helpless that—"

"God bless you for your noble deed,"
said Ambrose Jenkins, earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's
manner that prevented him from offering
any pecuniary recompense to her.

"My grandfather will need your care
no longer," said he. "We have been
fortunate in our Australian investment,
and I am prepared to buy the old home-
stead back again, and settle here perma-
nently."

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to
think about getting her winter ball
dresses made up, she received a note
from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:

"DEAR MRS. DARDANEL:—I am sorry
to disappoint you, but I cannot under-
take any more orders, for I am to be
married next month to Ambrose Jenkins,
and we are to live at the Benton Farm.
Ambrose is all that is nice, and he loves
me so, and I shall have the dearest old
grandfather-in-law in the world. Please
come and see me next summer, when
the roses are in bloom and the straw-
berries ripen.

Affectionately,
"HELEN HYDE."

And all this life's romance had grown
out of Helen's month at the seaside.

DIVISION OF TIME, SLEEP, ETC.

Probably no better division of time
has ever been made than that into
three equal periods of eight hours each:
eight hours being given to business,
eight to eating and improvement and the
remaining eight to sleep. The cele-
brated Alfred divided his time in this
way.

I have long thought that the native
American required more sleep than the
average European. For myself, I find
that nine or ten hours sleep in a single
night will cure me of all the trifling
maladies with which, from time to time,
I may be afflicted. Some extraordinary
advice has been given by certain distin-
guished persons with reference to time
devoted to sleep; but each writer falls
into the common blunder of applying a
rule to all, which he finds good in his
own case. Bishop Taylor advises three
hours. Wesley suggests six as the least
time that will answer. He declares that
during his life he never knew any one to
retain vigorous health, even for a year,
with a less quantity of sleep than six
hours, and he thought that women re-
quired more than men.

Which advises students to go to bed
at eight o'clock and rise at three or four
in the morning. Not bad on some ac-
counts, but liable to injure the eyes.

Excess of sleep is very bad in its in-
fluence, produces dullness of mind and
body, corpulency, disposition to apople-
xy; hence Galen calls sleep the brother
of death, and says nothing is more
pernicious when carried to excess.

Thin Yankees should go to bed at
nine o'clock and rise between five and
six. I do not mean to say that circum-
stances may never justify their sitting
up till midnight, or later, but I am sim-
ply interpreting the voice of physiology.
If the average American, with his nar-
row chest and small vitality, would re-
tire at 9 o'clock he would live some
years longer, and each year would afford
him more happiness and ability to work.

But Yankee women most need a
change to early hours. Their crazy
nerves, neuralgia and other evidences of
premature decay, would be at once
checked, and they would become young-
er and fairer.

What with tight corsets, pastry,
candies, furnace heat and midnight,
Yankee girls begin to fail at 20 and
women are old at 40.—[Dio Lewis.]

That world is progressing, is satisfac-
torily settled by the fact that Eve never
knew the blessing of a big hoop-skirt,
or a Gainsborough hat to wear to the
opera, and Adam never wore tight
pants, tooth-pick shoes, or a reversible
ulster. Washington never rode a
railroad train, and Lincoln couldn't
"hello" over a telephone wire. To be
sure, "the world do move."

He who cultivates a taste for reading
in his youth plants good seed.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Hot water, says a writer on hygienic
science, is to be the drink of the future,
because of its healthfulness.

The French archaeological expedition
in Tunis has found several great ruins of
great buildings belonging to the Roman
times. One is a marble temple believed
to be dedicated to the West Wind.

It is now claimed for the London fogs
that they are powerful disinfectants, and
absorb noxious gases and deadly germs
that if left undisturbed would work ter-
rible results in the health of the popu-
lation of the city.

A London scientific paper says that a
shoulder of mutton contains one-third
more bone than a leg, and considerably
more fat in a connective tissue, and that
consequently a shoulder at twenty cents
a pound is dearer than a leg at twenty-
five cents.

A tumulus in a churchyard near Maid-
enhead has yielded a find of Anglo-
Saxon objects, such as gold buckles and
fibulae, silver armlets and wrist orna-
ments, a bronze helmet, breast-plate and
shield, a sword and spear of iron, a
bronze bucket, two drinking horns with
metal mountings and two glass vessels.
Portions of human remains were found
with these objects eight feet below the
floor of the barrow.

Meteorites are divided into five classes
by Prof. Tschermak. First, those con-
sisting essentially of iron; second, those
having an iron ground mass with in-
cluded silicates; third, those consisting
chiefly of olivine, bronzite, with iron as
a subordinate constituent; fourth, those
consisting essentially of olivine, bronzite
or pyroxene; and fifth, those consisting
essentially of augite, bronzite, lime,
feldspar, with a shining crust.

The following process for enameling
cardboard and pasteboard is taken from
the *Papierzeitung*: Dissolve 10 parts
of shellac in a sufficient quantity
of alcohol and linseed oil. To each
quart of the mixture add about one-
fourth ounce of chloride of zinc. The
board may be immersed in it or the
solution may be applied with a brush.
The board is thoroughly dried and the
surface is polished with sand paper or
pumice before applying this preparation.